



“A HOMELESS VOICE IN VERSE”



Poetry Written By A Homeless Woman



By Cibeles Jolivette Gonzalez



I dedicate this book first to G-D who gave me the ability to write it, and then to my husband Wenceslao Gonzalez and to my sons Wencito & Galileo.

This book was written during the two and a half weeks that I was homeless, and lived alongside my husband in a car. My husband's daughters took our children away with false accusations, and as a result of us having to return to the U.S. with no money we were homeless. It may sound like something out of a movie, but this really happened to us, and I recorded that period in my life through verse. It is typical of me to always try to create something positive out of negative experiences. This world is contaminated enough with destructive individuals, so those of us who reject such a primitive mentality must fight the darkness that wishes to engulf us with light. A toast to productivity, wisdom, and virtue!



TABLE OF CONTENTS

1) “Lament Of A Homeless Woman”	p 1
2) “Matrimony On A Bench”	p 4
3)“Death Like A Leaf”	p 5
4) “ A Double Sunset”	p 6
5)“ Mocking Adversity”	p 7
6)“ Trees Under Rain”	p 8
7) “Paper Sanctuary”	p 9
8) “ The Child Stealers”	p 10
9)“ Told Not To Care”	p 12
10)“Peek-A-Boo!”	p14
11)“Cold Night In A Van”	p15
12) “Curses Under A Rhode Island Sky”	p 16
13) “Charity To Remedy Sin”	p 18
14) “ To Be In Need”	p 20
15) “Trips To The Public Bathroom”	p 21
16) “You're Scary!!”	p 22
17) “ The Apartment Seekers”	p 24
18) “ Fountain Of Woe”	p26
19) “ The “Renaissance City” Labyrinth”	p 28
20) “ My Husband's Swollen Feet”	p30
21) “ My Progresso Soup Stain”	p 32
22) “Letter To My Sons”	p 33

"Lament Of A Homeless Woman"

(Written: July 20, 2009- 31 years)

I

**Hatred can destroy a home,
Because it can never give shelter,
Except to wild fantasies that are allowed to roam,
In order to deprive their host of the chance to become better.**



II

**A slanderous tongue that sung a calumny,
Has made the sky my ceiling,
My swollen legs wander ignoring their malady,
While the injustice of each day leaves a bitter feeling.**

III

**I once had a bed and a window from which to watch the moon,
I had two small smiling faces to light up my days,
But false words have made what was inconceivable come too soon,
For I have become a victim of the wicked and their ways.**

IV

Words can steal more than any thief,
Lies can steal the truth that allows justice to exist,
And so when falsehood is allowed to influence belief,
Life finds tragedy too hard to resist.

V

I am homeless in America and was oppressed in Spain,
The ugliness of the urban landscape is my kitchen and my bedroom,
Yet when you have everything to lose everything seems a gain,
Even when the evil intentions of others only desires one's doom.

VI

The sun and the moon have both seen my head,
And my children reside in the venomous bosom of those that hate them,
I ponder on the tragedy wrought by the absence of truths that were never said,
When disrespect was allowed to thrive and cast it's shadow upon us like a black raven.

VII

An absence of windows means an absence of light,
The air that surrounds me is more confining than any wall,
And shadows seem to survive the onslaught of a sun so bright,
In order to cover a clarity that one never saw.



VIII

Homeless in America, victim of a personal vengeance,
A car with luggage casting it's melancholic shadow on a hot sidewalk,
Irrational hatred when allowed to exploit becomes a great menace,
And the mouth becomes a jailer when evil compels it to talk.

IX

Yet plunder never seems to be long lasting,
So can riches bloom from my carpet of cement?
Perhaps when faith justifies a heart that is trusting,
The wages of the unrighteous will be a cause for lament.



“Matrimony On A Bench”

(Written: July 23, 2009- 31 years)

I

**United more in grief than in joy,
A couple sat sorrowfully upon a bench,
Victims of deceit's skillful ploy,
Their hopes face a bellicose world submerged in a trench.**



II

**Kisses exchanged and tears individually shed,
Hands that hold on despite the eyes that despise their unity,
To mark a turbulent romance that has been only on adversity fed,
Since devotion does not offer from pain immunity.**

III

**What he allows in life destroys what should be,
What she endures allows what others seek to destroy to go on,
So the roots continue to grow despite belonging to a battered tree,
That continues to survive even after spring is gone.**

IV

**Upon the bench rest two weary bodies,
Without a ceiling and not at all acquainted with ease,
When lies and disdain become the favorite hobbies,
Of those who meddle in marriages there is never any peace.**

“Death Like A Leaf”

(Written: July 20, 2009 – 31 years)



I

Death like a leaf,

Arrives when something falls,

And no renaissance is more brief,

Than the light that dims when gloom calls.

II

A tear does not tease,

The eclipse that allows it to be born,

A falling leaf mirrors a plunging peace,

Falling into an abyss that seeks to adorn what's torn.



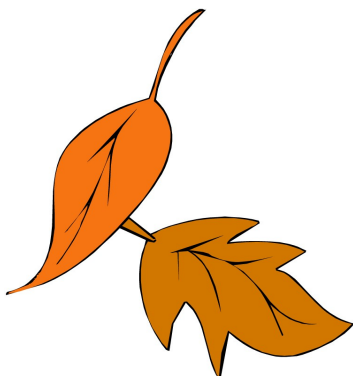
III

Death like a leaf,

Each one falling is like a green skull,

Bearing a crown of grief,

That threatens to burden a blooming soul.



“A Double Sunset”

(Written: July 20, 2009 - 31 years)

I

A double sunset my eyes must view,

The sun sets in the sky and in my life,



A limited horizon is adorned by stars that are so few,

And nighttime cuts through the last shreds of light like a knife.

II

I beheld the sky, but it did not behold me,

The clouds seemed to wonder if they must serve the moon or the sun,

What remains will determine what I will see,

And what I will see will reflect what fate has done.

“Mocking Adversity”

(Written: July 20, 2009 – 31 years)



I

Adversity, where are your fangs?

My smile is a lone warrior challenging your darkness,

Do you think that I will give in to your demands?

When G-D Gives me all the strength that I need to harness.

II

My laughter is a sword to slay the gloom,

It may be dark but I refuse to close my eyes,

From hard earth a tougher flower can bloom,

That is willing to sacrifice fragrance for petals that will continue to rise.

III

When the iron fist has become rusty,

It's grip will not escape mortality,

So the reign of gloom will find it costly,

To deny the arrival of it's finality.

IV

When determination is like rain upon a garden,

Adversity becomes a toothless dog,

And though grief will never give joy a pardon,

It cannot prevent the sun from shining through the fog.

“Trees Under Rain”

(Written: July 21, 2009- 31 years)

I

**Trees under rain,
Raindrops caressing the pavement,
It seems as if the sky's pain,
Wants to embrace a dry world that welcomes it with no amazement.**



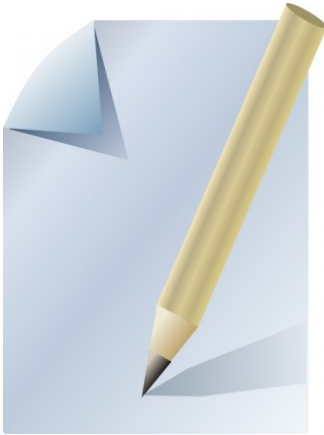
II

**The pitter -patter of raindrops,
Sounds like an urban lullaby that bathes a gray world,
Yet upon those tree tops a man-made world stops,
As eyes strain to see through the tears that our
horizon hurled.**



“Paper Sanctuary”

(Written: July 21, 2009- 31 years)



I

Freedom is upon white paper,
Tyranny has no control while the ink flows,
To create words that will remind us much later,
That a thought is not as brief as the wind that blows.

II

Paper can be a mental Garden of Eden,
Where everything conceived can begin anew,
Only the passive state of a dormant mind is forbidden,
For when possibilities abound thoughts should never be few.

III

The curve of each letter is a key that opens doors,
For it is the absence of thought that locks us in,
So each written word is like a star that soars,
Upon the reflection of it's own light, that never allows the
night to win.



IV

Sanctuary of paper where creativity is the law,
The white texture gives birth to words that can influence ages,
That when read by others is like a faraway call,
That beckons to continue a tradition that is the domain of the sages.

“The Child Stealers”

(Written: July 23, 2009- 31 years)

Written while waiting on my first visit to DCYF.

I

When innocence becomes booty,
For those who disregard a family,
When justice makes the wrong doer moody,
Injustice will reign amidst insanity.



II

Little hands that have not been felt in ages,
Clings to memory in order to once again become tangible,
While injustice seeks to destroy like a fire that rages,
The foundations of what should be permanent with the blessing of the gullible.



III

My children are like an island surrounded by a sea of lies,
Isolated from love, a lonely palm tree screams to the sky,
So that it will not rain upon that hope for joy that others despise,
As a breeze of anxiety seem to personify the inevitable word “why?”



IV

Can the truth fly as high as a lie?

Only when people refuse to keep looking down,

What truly is, does not always attract the path of the eye,

When authenticity to the blind bears the appearance of a clown.

V

Little faces that have become stars,

Black clouds that derive their pleasure from hiding their light,

Remaining star beams that only deepen scars,

When under the guise of concern what's wrong tries to look right.

“Told Not To Care”

(Written: July 23, 2009- 31 years)

I

I'm told not to care,
Though the sky is falling,
Words that are not fair,
Means that truth is still stalling.



II

What happens when a star is denied the sky?
What happens when the sun gets banished from morning?
A sob no matter how mute is still a cry,
And just because a voice is ignored does not mean that
it is not calling.

III

Power misused signifies weakness,
Tears are the nourishment of those that have no soul,
The will to destroy never has know meekness,
When to drag others into a neverending night is the goal.



IV

**I'm told not to care by those who do not care,
A blind eye is convenient for those who wish to hide,
All it takes for evil to fall is for others to become aware,
For it is only at night that the moon can affect the tide.**

V

**I'm told not to care by those who care about doing harm,
Indifference is a silent laughter that mocks what it allows to be born,
Can peace endure when justice has withdrawn it's arm?
And what falls has no better fate than to face constant scorn?**

VI

**I'm told not to care,
But I don't care about what they say,
Since it's not their burden to bear,
They dare to proclaim that the coldest winter day is the sunniest day of May.**

“Peek-A-Boo!”

(Written: July 23, 2009-31 years)

I

“Peek-a-boo! I don't want to see you!”

**Let the shadow that calls on my tears be gone,
It's not a game to seek to rob the color from my view,
Like a Jack in the box that surprises with a tragic song.**

II

**Say “Peek-a-boo!” to whom you never knew,
A shadow that's always present ceases to surprise,
By blocking the sun to celebrate seeds that never grew,
“Peek-a-boo!” becomes a somber prelude to demise.**



“Cold Night In A Van”

(Written: July 24, 2009- 31 years)

Written late at night in our home van while my husband slept. I had given him my t-shirt blanket since I could not sleep.

I

**Cold night in a van,
Trees that dance vivaciously in the wind and rain,
The night seems to embody a longer span,
Of all the things to pretend, warmth is the hardest to feign.**

II

**The wind seems to protest the gloom of the night,
The rain like a celestial river imparts to my window blurry reflections,
As the immensity of it's presence seeks to wash everything within my sight,
I find that the foul weather seems to detest comfort and it's deceptions.**

III

**My weary body shivers as I find solace in these words,
My husband sleeps under a t-shirt blanket with a paper bag upon his head,
It never fails to amaze me how life can be so absurd,
As I write because the cold prevents me from sleeping on my car seat bed.**

IV

**A cold night in a van during the worst period in my life,
The dark sky may disappear but the coming sun shall not brighten my fate,
To suffer abuse from so many is my reward for being a faithful wife,
And as I keep my vows “for better or for worse” I know that there is nothing good to await.**

“Curses Under A Rhode Island Sky”

(Written: July 24, 2009 -31 years)

I

**I disdain the sky which has only sheltered
pain,
The clouds look like white ogres in the state
that I have grown to hate,
Under a Rhode Island sky happiness just
seems impossible to attain,
And I rebuke myself for having learned the truth too late.**



II

**Curses multiply themselves under a Rhode Island sky,
Wicked smiles that are native to the region celebrate each day of pain,
And I , like a shackled bird cannot fly,
For my children are held in bondage to force me to remain.**

III

**Rhode Island represents ugliness in both landscape and region,
Here tears outnumber smiles like the stars outnumber the moon,
No life and no peace while one is slave to another's convenience,
And happiness is blown away like the lightest of balloons.**

**IV**

**If geography can personify misery,
Then Rhode Island has just won the trophy,
For in a place where tranquility seems a mystery,
My life has been like a perpetual horror story.**

“Charity To Remedy Sin”

(Written: July 24, 2009 -31 years)

Written in Food Stamp Office of R.I.

I

Charity is given to me to cover another's sin,
 Money given to us hides the fact that our money
 was stolen,



When others solve what another does, repentance grows thin,
 And substance is taken in order to give a mirage that is golden.

II

Kindness is appreciated but justice is loved,
 What is now absent declares another's greed,
 Intention is the judge of what is solved,
 And whether the reflection will truthfully portray the deed.

III

The name shouted for someone to be seen,
 Is simply a call to nowhere,
 It cannot understand my struggle or where I've been,
 So compassion in it's voice is rare.



IV

A swollen leg and an empty stomach form a duet of woe,
The same bureaucracy that helped others make me poor I
now await to feed me,
The sun must struggle to shine on those that have fallen low,
But falls and blows will not decide what I'll be.

“To Be In Need”

(Written: July 24, 2009 – 31 years)

I

**To be in need,
Is to need not to need,
Adversity takes a lead,
When injustice is allowed to breed.**



II

**To be in need one must bear empty hands,
But one's heart should be full no matter what,
Suffering upon time makes no demands,
And virtue is not always a judge of one's lot.**

III

**To be in need,
Is to be a fallen star,
But poverty cannot impede,
The value of who you are.**

"Trips To The Public Bathroom"

(Written: July 26, 2009 -31 years)



I

Trips to the public bathroom,
 Privacy lost in the most intimate of moments,
 Weariness possesses a body that I cannot groom,
 Longing to not have to hear other feet walking and others' comments.

II

When nature must adapt to the schedule of a store,
 And one becomes accustomed to seeing bathrooms with no bathtubs,
 One becomes a reluctant nomad as irony makes it's encore,
 To adorn dreary days that display sighs and sobs.

III

The flush of a toilet may sound the same everywhere,
 But the lack of familiarity is like a sign upon every door,
 And though others may quickly enter and leave oblivious to any care,
 The desire for a personal space makes the wanderer implore.

IV

When privacy becomes public what can remain ours?
 Water washes my hands in a constantly different setting,
 Permanence brings about beauty like roots bring about flowers,
 So swinging doors and walking feet do not impart it's blessing.

"You're Scary!!"

(Written: July 26, 2009- 31 years)

My husband's daughter said that I was scary. Irony isn't it?

I

**"You're scary!!" said the woman who had done scary deeds,
Blindfolds find scary what they do not wish to see,
Justice's cry seems like a nightmare when it threatens the needs,
Of those that can only be happy when others are not free.**

II

**"You're scary!!" said the woman with the scary face,
Whose denial was scary as it ignored a scary situation,
Eyes willingly closed only lead to perdition's embrace,
As a reflection of one's choosing eventually turns out to be a
poor consolation.**

III

**"You're scary!!" said the woman who was not afraid,
To actively participate in the creation of others' misery,
Ignoring the reality that what one gives to others one is always paid,
She repeated her proclamation of fear like an insane litany.**



IV

**“You're scary!!” said she who does not fear to do harm,
To another who did not fear to show her right to dignity,
Destruction amidst denial is always a cause for alarm,
When irrational hatred seeks to rob others of their tranquility.**

V

**“You're scary!!” she said in a senseless chant,
Her blindness did not make her realize that it was she who should be feared,
Words that made no sense emerge from a closed mind that simply can't,
Understand how to respect others' feelings because she finds their needs weird.**

VI

**What happens when a scary person finds another person scary,
Just because they do not wish to succumb to their scary demands?
When evil does not understand itself we must all be wary,
For selfishness fears when it's victims do not obey it's commands.**

“The Apartment Seekers”

(Written: July 28, 2009-31 years)

I

Nomads on wheels that dance over roads looking for a home,
Tired of having a movable nest,
Longing for a cozy dwelling that bears the sweetness of a honeycomb,
Where eyes can then close blissfully in true undisturbed rest.



II

“For how much does it rent?” is the question of the day,
For two homeless wretches who simply have seen the sun too much,
With grins and prayers they manage to make adversity sway,
As they believe that angels' wings encircle them as they move in a rush.

III

Frowns when it's too pricey and caution when it's too cheap,
But the clouds seem menacing when their presence is constant,
And while sunlight dancing on the street cannot from them a disdain for the outdoors reap,
A head over a pillow ensures a future where uncertainty is dormant.

IV

When the sun is your lamp you cannot turn it off at will,
And stars look like freckles upon the face of a celestial abyss,
There's no happier hand than the one that caresses a window sill,
For amidst the familiarity of personal surroundings the unknown we do not miss.

V

Fingers may blacken with the ink of newspapers,
But never will their vision grow dark,
And as necessity never to comfort caters,
They search for the right ad that will ignite their hope like a spark.

VI

Convenience is like a roulette wheel that rewards or condemns with prices,
Size can be sacrificed for the sanctuary of destination,
Feet that move without a goal is what a journey despises,
So any roof with a couple of trees will be a nice location.

VII

Apartment Seekers, on you may not shine the "American Dream",
And the Liberty Bell may not resound at all in your days,
But two people standing unified can form an unbeatable team,
For to it's survivors adversity always good repays.

“Fountain Of Woe”

(Written: July 28, 2009 -31 years)

Written near the fountain in Atwells while
listening to a Sinatra look-a-like sing 1930's music.

I

Fountain of woe, embellishment of a hated place,
Water strongly flowing that mirrors the force of
my displeasure,
Pink and purple flowers that attempt to capture
beauty in a fruitless chase,
But that can only aspire to be an ornamented chest
bearing no treasure.

II

Music from the 1930's seem to flaunt through melody a time that could have been better,
Though a place so acquainted with grief cannot offer anything but a mirage,
Life here is as incomplete as a poem written without a single letter,
And moments here are a mixture of mostly bad and some good displayed together as a
poorly made collage.

III

The fountain water cannot reflect anything but mediocrity,
The laughter of onlookers seeks to make an art out of idle chatting,
In a place that represents the worst in life there can only bloom animosity,
For to seek joy here is as useless as a baseball player that is never batting.



IV

Fountain of woe that seemed to have drunk all my tears,
Would it have been the same here in the era that gave birth to the music that I'm hearing?
Of course not! From them I would have found refuge with the distance of years,
But to imagine the impossible is to deny that I am living.

V

Fountain of woe that witnesses my isolated hopes amidst the socializing of others,
I sit at the edge of the fountain and within what I disdain,
When the undesirable is forced to bloom a garden is robbed of it's colors,
And frustration becomes a time-glass that in it's sand bears an eternity in each grain.

“The “Renaissance City” Labyrinth”

(Written: July 28, August 5, 2009- 31 years)



Providence, RI is known as the “Renaissance City”.

I don't know why.

I

The “Renaissance City” in which my days get lost,
The only thing that seems to be reborn here is despair,
When only lies are expected how can one expect to
see trust?

To trust when there is no reason to is to turn life into a foolish dare.

II

Trees and sidewalks, and sunlight upon darkness,
Frustrations sheltered by an urban environment that appears differently to all,
The strength to be who I really am in a society that is godless,
Where every occurrence is twisted as the malicious yearn to see a fall.

III

Downtown to me offers no diversion,
But then again, diversion is only the ghost of what makes life great,
Adversity does not succeed in creating in me an aversion,
Life is what I choose to do with it, and that cannot be changed by another's hate.

IV

The labyrinth can only try to confuse my steps,
But it cannot do anything to my sense of purpose,
What can never be will never threaten the depths,
Of what is, so it renders to it's ambitions no service.



V

“Renaissance City”, labyrinth that seeks to trap my hope in an urban prison,
A place that is not of one's choosing always shines like an eclipse,
To live in a place without a good reason is like being a flower out of season,
And each day lived bears the promise of a Judas' kiss.

“My Husband's Swollen Feet”

(Written: August 5, 2009 - 31 years)

**From our weeks being homeless my husband's feet
swelled up with fluid to the point that they would hurt
him. I expressed my frustration in this poem.**

I

**How can devotion be repaid thus?
How can bad intentions destroy like this a body?
Over the betrayed loyalty never makes a fuss,
Especially when such acts are never accompanied by the words “I'm Sorry”.**



II

**Discomfort and despair are ingredients for poor health,
And so feet wondering where they should go start to swell up,
Yet it is those that live to destroy that reveal their lack of wealth,
For purpose is the measure of one's abundance, and evil quenches need like an empty cup.**

III

**A situation that only inspires worry,
Magnifies the question mark of life when it is senseless,
So one suffers because another sees life blurry,
Yet to expect good from a wrong point of view is pointless.**

IV

My husband's swollen feet makes my anger swell,

The person who repays good with evil is like a weed in a garden,

Though flowers may abound nothing will ever be well,

So while the weed continues to be a weed the gardener's shears should offer it no pardon.

“My Progresso Soup Stain”

(Written: August 5, 2009 – 31 years)

I

Well, it's definitely not organic!

But an impoverished mouth cannot be choosy,

Yet necessity does not make it taste fantastic,

As life's woes seem to spread obtusely.

II

Opening the can of my liquid breakfast that day,

The final effort of my weary arms sent some of it flying,

Upon my only shirt an ugly stain found itself on display,

Yet I realized that enduring all this is part of surviving.

III

That cold soup that my husband and I shared,

Bathed our tongues with the taste of adversity,

And though harmony in the midst of injustice finds itself impaired,

Hope can make a mockery out of evil and it's negative diversity.

“Letter To My Sons”

(Written: August 5, 2009 – 31 years)



I

**My precious boys this letter do I write,
To show you that being apart has not dissolved my tie to you,
Though you are now victims of those that will
never be contrite,**

Their wickedness cannot hide you from my heart or from G-D's view.

II

**You are my miracle children who were born to do good,
Love G-D and HIS Torah always, and believe in HIS Son,
Though my absence is not by either of you understood,
Please know that it was never my choice to be gone.**

III

**You are like butterflies caught in a storm,
Fragile and beautiful yet threatened by turmoil,
Yet darkness cannot diminish the light that with you was born,
For it's survival is the noblest goal of my toil.**

IV

**You are now angels held captives by shadow people,
Authenticity surrounded by the mockery of the shallow,
But what's real will always reveal what's fake as feeble,
For the disappearance of the moon during the night will not hush the
song of the sparrow.**



V

**I love you, I adore you,
I greatly miss the music of your giggles,
The joys in my harsh life may be few,
But your existence is proof that happiness with pain still mingles.**

VI

**You are my greatest achievement,
There is more wisdom in your laughter than in all the plans of those who wish
to separate you from me,
The most precious treasures always seems to thrive in concealment,
So though distance may make us suffer by knowing what each of us truly is we can be free.**

VII

**While living in the darkness share your light,
Even if the darkness is too blind to know how to see it,
Perhaps you can serve as a guide for those who do not know wrong from right,
For there are many who think that they are flying while really being in a pit.**

**VIII**

**Know that though you came out of my body you
will never be out of my heart,**

**Know that the lies that caused my absence will
never defeat the truth of my love,**

**And perhaps with time our joy shall have a
new start,**

For everything is always seen by G-D who sits in HIS throne above.

IX

Do not let your worth be imprisoned by the jealousy of others,

Through the smirks of those that despise you I say that there is greatness in you,

Only the will to preserve aids he who a treasure uncovers,

So dare to shine and through that act know that your worth is true.